

## Septile Skirts

Scientific American.

The streets of our great cities are not kept as clean as they should be, and probably they will not be kept scrupulously clean until automobiles have entirely replaced horse-drawn vehicles. The pavement is also subjected to pollution in many ways, as from expectoration, etc. Enough has been said to indicate the source and nature of some of the most prevalent of nuisances of the streets and pavements, and it will be generally admitted that under the present conditions of life a certain amount of such pollution must exist, but it does not necessarily follow that this shall be brought indoors. At the present time a large number of women sweep thru the streets with their skirts and bring with them, wherever they go, the abominable filth which they have taken up, which is by courtesy called "dust." Various devices have been tried to keep dresses from dragging, but most of them have been unsuccessful. The management of a long gown is a difficult matter, and the habit has arisen of seizing the upper part of the skirt and holding it in a bunch. This practice can be commended neither from a physiological nor from an artistic point of view. Fortunately, the short skirt is coming into fashion, and the medical journals especially commend the sensible walking gown which is now being quite generally adopted. These skirts will prevent the importation into private houses of pathogenic microbes.

## Disappointment Nobly Borne

Forward.

This incident is related of a man once prominent in civil and political life, who has recently passed away. He was a poor boy, with no one to help him, and his life had been hard. But he was ambitious, and desired a college education. By toil and self-denial he slowly accumulated a little money, and when his savings reached nearly one hundred dollars he determined to carry out his purpose. Going to a college in his neighborhood, which he had long viewed wistfully as he passed, he sought an interview with its president. But to that gentleman, when he had heard the whole story, the project appeared madness. To begin a course of study requiring so many years, with so small an amount of money in hand, was useless, and he told the young aspirant so. Whether wisely or unwisely, he finally convinced the boy, who went out with the hope of years crushed. He was only a boy, and as he looked back at the beautiful building round which all his dreams had clustered, he burst into tears.

Many a one would have been embittered by such a disappointment, have grown hard and selfish, but this boy was of different stuff. He made the most of the paths open to him, became a prosperous, influential man, and instead of sneering at universities forever after, used his wealth to help many a young man to the advantages that had been denied himself.

## A Sure Cure

"A little explained,  
A little endured,  
A little forgiven,  
The quarrel is cured"

## A Little Boy's Politeness

Christian Herald.

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. "May I see you across, ma'am?" "Thank you, dear." Across the street, she handed him five cents. He declined it, blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. She drew him under the awning, and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella at the ferry was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid the seventy-five cents in his savings bank for it, and had already taken in thirty cents by renting his umbrella to gentlemen, who, like herself, had left their umbrellas at home. "You're the first old lady," he said, with childish candor, "that I've taken across—and—and I didn't think it was polite—I didn't think mamma would like me to charge you." "A child of the poor," thought his questioner, "but I know from his ways that his mother is a lady, and a good woman."

## Keep at It

The Intelligencer.

Two boys stood close beside a number of workmen busily engaged in constructing a building. "That seems like nice work," said one to the other, observingly, as he watched a machanic driving, with well aimed force, nail after nail into place.

"Yes, I should like to be a carpenter, but I could never have the patience to hit the same nail so many times," answered the boy.

The workmen paused, his hammer lifted midway, and smiled. "You would never do for a mechanic, then," he said; "it is only repeated effort that brings good results." The art of accomplishing a task skillfully is not learned in a day, but often represents years of steadfast toil. This ought not to discourage us, but, rather, to increase our desire to success. It is true that "no great thing was ever lightly won."

A boy who in early life sets about his work, whatever it may be, in earnest, is likely to accomplish wonderful results. "That son of yours is a born farmer," remarked one man approvingly to another, as he noted the energetic manner in which the lad performed his task. "John always does his level best at everything," was the reply.

That is really the secret of the whole matter: our level best, and stopping at nothing short of it. Lately a man who had distinguished himself in the war, was being entertained in a home where a bright-eyed lad sat at his feet, eagerly listening to the conversation. "Well, my boy," said the gentleman, "of what are you thinking?" "Sir," was the answer, "I mean to be a great soldier

like you." "Oh, he said, as he laid bare a hidden scar, "are you willing to pay the cost?"

Time after time are we to preform the duties assigned us. Our work may not be marked by human eye, and it may seem of minor importance even to us, but if into it is thrown the energy of the heart, of will, and of mind, someday it will count, and the one talent will have been multiplied as the the great Giver intended.

## Sisters' Society C. E.

Business Session of the S. S. C. E., Conemaugh, Pa., Oct. 3, 1900

The S. S. C. E. of the Brethren church of Pennsylvania was called to order by the President. After devotional services, we organized, which resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Mrs. M. C. Meyers, Vice President, Mrs. M. J. Beachey, Secretary, Mrs. J. E. Parsons, Treasurer, Mrs. Sadie Hunter. The treasurer's report was then read. It was exceptionally good. After viewing last year's work some plans were presented for next year's work. An interesting discussion followed, then a motion was made by Mrs. M. J. Beachey, seconded by Mrs. M. A. Beachley that we elect a field secretary for the coming year. Mrs. M. C. Meyers was elected by ballot. The line of her work shall be as follows: To organize societies, to strengthen and encourage those who are weak and assist in mission work. A collection was taken amounting to \$1.70; this paid for report blanks, etc.

MRS. M. C. MEYERS, Pres.,

Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

MRS. J. E. PARSONS, Sec.,

Washington, D. C.

Trent S. D.

Perhaps some news from this part of God's country may be interesting.

On the 21 of February last, we left our old home in Iowa and started for this God-forsaken country, as some called it, Dakota. We landed here on the 22nd, Washington's Birthday, the flag was waving on the School house in memory of George Washington.

We had a very nice trip coming out, as there was quite a crowd of us, that had a special train.

We are all quite comfortably situated now. Some have small house but seem happy and contented. Brother J. Whipkey's have built a nice new house and are well fixed for the winter.

I just finished reading the report of the Iliokota Conference. Wish I might have been there and enjoyed the meeting.

We have no Brethren church here, but have Sunday-school and preaching every Sunday, one Sunday in the morning and the next Sunday in the evening.

We hold our meetings in a Hall in Trent. We have good congregations, have some very good people only sorry to say so many are not Christians, would to God they were. We have a very good Sunday-school the average